

I Just Want You To Know Who I Am

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost, Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-07-02 21:05:56

Updated: 2013-07-02 21:05:56

Packaged: 2016-04-26 15:27:51

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 5,660

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Enjoy the snow before it melts. Embrace every moment and live them like it's your last. Although when the snow melts, and all that remains is a seemingly meaningless muddy mess... Once you learn look into the bright side of the future, you will see that flowers will grow from it all. Moving on may be tough, but when you feel broken, Reflect on the memories... And smile.

1. Chapter One: Encounter

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A thirteen year old Hiccup dashed through the overgrown undergrowth of the forest. Large trees towered ahead of him, and the nearing-winter winds were already starting to pick up. Hiccup shrieked in surprise as his foot caught on a stray bramble, and he fell forward onto his knees. His vision was blurred from the tears which were leaking from his olive green eyes, making distance hard to judge. Just another day in the lovely life of Hiccup: being shoved around and continuously being told how useless you are. Wonderful. The young viking stood up shakily and brushed off his knees which were now dirty from the rubble. He clenched his teeth in false reassurance that he could be strong. Though however much he tried to stand up for himself against the other vikings and his father, Stoick, he always ended up running into the forest. The forest was a sense of safety for Hiccup. A secret sanctuary from the others: a way to get away. As much as Hiccup told himself that he enjoyed being alone... there was always that empty place in his heart that could

only be filled by a companion. Someone who actually cared for him; Someone who didn't specialize in making him feel like a useless mouth to feed. Hiccup continued his trudge through the forest, this time slowing his pace to a steady walk. He singled out a small rock and continuously kicked it as he walked. The childish game seemed to ease his mind for awhile. A slight smile curved on Hiccup's lips until he kicked the rock a bit too hard and it rolled down the nearest hill towards his right. The smile immediately faded, and he was left alone once more.

Hiccup found a large stick and looked around for a small clearing to draw with. A few feet away, the viking spotted a small patch of dirt. He was able to clear away a few stray leaves which left him with a smooth ground surface to sketch on. Carelessly, Hiccup began to sketch out simple drawings of a few common dragons he knew. Dragons used to terrify Hiccup, but he'd grown to understand them. Sometimes he thought... Well maybe dragons weren't that different from himself? Though whenever Hiccup brought up the topic of dragons, his father immediately silenced him. He didn't like to hear anything which went against "The Way of the Viking". In truth, Hiccup winced at squishing a simple insect. How would he feel when he would be forced to kill a dragon? He was sure his fate would end with him running away like usual. Except maybe for good when that time came. He could never show his face in Berk again after being known as "The One Who Couldn't Kill a Dragon." Hiccup growled in frustration and scribbled out the dragon which he had been sketching. It had been a Deadly Nadder: the dragon he used to fear the most. Of course, that was the same dragon which his mother had created for him long ago. A small, stuffed Nadder doll. However, Hiccup was so young at the time that he hadn't thought before throwing it into the sea. That was the last reminder of his mother before she passed away. Hiccup threw the stick aside and stood up. Drawing definitely wasn't calming his thoughts as it usually did. More like just speeding them up.

The young viking continued his trek down the mountainside. He looked up at the sky with widened eyes. The sun was already beginning to bury itself into the sea: under the horizon. His heart suddenly started to pound with fear. He hadn't been paying attention to his walking at all. Sure, he was certain he could find his way back but... Would he get back before dark? His father always told him he would be dinner for the dragons if he were to stay out past dark. Hiccup do this, Hiccup don't do that. That's all it ever was for him. Why did he listen? Hiccup sighed and continued to stumble on. Maybe it was out of fear. Fear of his father and his violent ways. With the way he acted towards dragons, how long would it take for him to take it out on Hiccup? Hiccup shook his head slightly as if to clear his thoughts. No way. Stoick loved him... Right?

A strange sound followed by a series of smaller voices interrupted Hiccup's thoughts. He froze in fear at the sound of a creature down the hill towards his right. Half of him wanted to take off running ahead to get away, then the other half thought about dashing back the way he came. The combination of the two feelings left Hiccup standing frozen in one spot. He made no movements, yet he kept his ears listening for the sound again. The sound came again, and what sounded like small laughter followed. Hiccup was confused now. The sounds didn't seem aggressive. More like playful.

The viking slowly crawled behind the nearest large rock and peered out the side. He saw nothing down the hill except... What was that?

It looked like a lodge. Much like Hiccup's home except smaller. Trees were more spread apart, and the grass seemed to be greener. There was a large lake in the center of a circle of lodges, and yet... He barely saw anyone outside. Definitely nothing like Hiccup's bustling village. Hiccup's attention was once again struck by a strange sound. Hiccup slowly peeked out from behind the other side of the rock and his eyes widened at the sight of four other people.

"Jack, get down from there!" He heard one of them say, and Hiccup slowly backed away to avoid being seen. There were three young children at the base of a tree who were gazing up at a boy which was... What was he doing? He was hanging from a tree branch: feet wrapped around it and his body hanging upside-down. How the boy got up there, Hiccup wouldn't know. Though by the looks of these four in front of him: they definitely weren't vikings.

"I'll be fine!" The boy hanging from the tree replied, and a young girl with the same brunette hair as the boy hanging from the tree spoke up. "Come on, Jack! You're scaring all of us!"

Another girl which seemed to be the same age as the brunette girl quietly replied, "Well I think your brother's pretty brave." The third child, a young male rolled his eyes slightly as the second girl brushed back a strand of blonde hair shyly.

After awhile, the boy the others were calling "Jack" casually hopped down from the tree. "You know, there's no need to worry about me," He said in a carefree fashion, "I do it all the time."

Hiccup's eyes widened as he noticed the small group start to walk towards him. As soon as Hiccup thought he'd be caught for sure, Jack halted the group of children. "We'd better not wander too far from the village. I'd be in trouble if you guys were to get lost."

The young brunette girl rolled her eyes playfully at her brother, "Like you're not always in trouble anyways." She muttered which was followed up by a caring smirk.

Jack chuckled nervously and motioned the children the other way, "Really though, you guys should go back. I'll meet you all back in a few minutes."

The blonde girl raised an eyebrow. "And where do you think you're going?" She challenged.

Jack looked like he was trying to hide back a mischievous grin. "Well I thought I heard something off in the woods. We don't want any _dragons_ to come into the village, now do we?" This caught the children's attention, and also Hiccup's. Hiccup hadn't been spotted, had he? He didn't know what to do: Should he stay? Should be run? No-Running definitely wasn't an option. He would be spotted for sure then! But if he stayed...

"Dragons?" Echoed the blonde girl.

"Yeah, _dragons_!" Jack repeated, emphasizing that word dramatically.

The brunette girl put a hand on her hip, "Jack, dragons don't come around these parts." She huffed, but Jack cut her off, "now hurry

back to the village, and I'll be back before you can count to ten!"

Moaning in annoyance, the small group reluctantly turned around and trudged down the hill: back towards the village which must be where they lived.

Hiccup was dead meat now. The boy had definitely heard him. As soon as the small group made their way down the mountain, Hiccup had heard footsteps coming his way. He hugged his knees to his chest as if to appear smaller as the sound of rustling leaves under feet grew closer and closer. Hiccup was never great at being on the offensive side, yet he prided himself in his defense skills. As long as defense meant crouching in a small area to avoid being seen. Although... There was nowhere to hide this time. Hiccup was definitely dead now. _Goodbye, Dad~ Goodbye, villagers who never cared for me._ He heard the gentle crunch of dried, autumn leaves under the other boy's feet as he slowly crept nearer and nearer to the horrified Hiccup. He felt Jack climb on top of the rock he was hiding behind, yet he forced himself not to make eye-contact. Well that plan didn't last long. Hiccup timidly looked up to where he knew the other boy was as his dusty green eyes ventured for-

"Whoa." Jack murmured. Hiccup's eyes widened in surprise as his eyes met bold brown ones, staring straight back at him. The other boy blinked a few times, and Hiccup swallowed nervously. The boy staring down at him had almond brown eyes, and dark, tousled brunet hair to match. His hair was wild and looked almost as if it were wind blown. He wore an unusual white shirt with a brown vest over it and tight pants which cut off at his calf. Hiccup had never seen clothing quite like that, and immediately wondered what it was made out of. Hiccup's usual attire was the green shirt and yak hide vest which all young vikings generally wore to keep out the cold air. Though that should be the last thing on his mind right now: He was probably about to get himself killed. "A viking..." The boy murmured in amazement.

Hiccup was almost too afraid to reply, yet a sarcastic comment never passed Hiccup by. "Well yeah, you act like you've never seen one before." Hiccup muttered, not even daring to make eye contact once more. Jack apparently had a lack of knowledge of the appearance of a normal viking, yet he didn't let the compliment that Hiccup apparently 'Looked like a viking' slip his mind easily. Nobody had ever said that to him before. Nope, this boy was definitely not from viking blood. Hiccup eyed the boy strangely: mainly because of the way he was perched at the top of the rock. As if he were a feline crouched on his haunches, the boy balanced on the ball of his foot and rested his elbows on his knees like he had absolutely no problem keeping his balance.

"I- I haven't I mean-" The boy stuttered, then seemed to come to his senses. He leaned a bit closer and eyed Hiccup warily. "What are you doing here? Surely you've come for a reason?"

Hiccup faltered to reply quickly and muttered, "Well not really, I just- Will you stop doing that?"

Jack was taken off guard, "Doing what?" He replied, tipping his head to the side slightly.

"_That_! It's hard to take you seriously when you're doing that."

Hiccup replied and motioned his hand towards Jack.

"You just gestured to... all of me." Jack answered, dumbfoundedly, while still perched in the same position.

Hiccup momentarily fell silent. How many times had Hiccup's father said the same thing to Hiccup? The viking suddenly felt sorry. He shouldn't judge this strange boy just because of the way he sat.

"Sorry, I didn't mean—" Hiccup said before being cut off by Jack.

"So who are you?" Jack said suddenly without meaning to interrupt Hiccup in mid-sentence.

"Ah... Hiccup. Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Thir—" He was cut off once again by Jack. This time, interrupted by a fit of laughter. Hiccup bit his lip in pure annoyance at the mocking tone of Jack.

"I knew vikings had strange names, but I never knew they were that ridiculous!" Hiccup suddenly felt discouraged. Jack was laughing just like all the other vikings did. Hiccup let out a soft sigh.

"Yeah, yeah. Funny. I get it." Well maybe Jack wasn't any dragon or going to hold him hostage, but he certainly didn't feel welcome anyhow. The young viking stood up and started to walk away. To think he actually felt sorry for a moment! His instincts were right: they're all the same. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have to get back to my village." Hiccup announced bluntly, trudging his boots along the dusty trail as he went. Then the viking added with a mutter to himself, "It's not like they'll miss me anyways, though."

"Hey!" Jack called and lept off the rock he was perched upon. "Hey, Hic, wait!" Hiccup didn't turn around, but he raised an eyebrow at the odd name. Hic? Nobody had ever called him that before. It made him pause in his tracks for a brief moment before continuing on his way. What an odd nickname. He'd never been called anything other than "Hiccup" or "Screwup" in his life, so he didn't exactly know how to take that. Though Hiccup continued to walk. Despite the calls from the odd boy, Hiccup didn't feel the need to get involved with anyone. They'd surely end up just breaking his heart anyways: just like all the rest.

Suddenly, Hiccup felt a freezing sensation strike his back. Ice? Hiccup spun around and stared at Jack who was standing a few feet behind him. He was patting his hands in a sphere-like fashion and seemed to be creating another. Did he just throw snow at Hiccup? Hiccup had never heard of such a thing, and yet with that grin Jack was giving him... it certainly didn't seem like an aggressive action. The snow on the ground was stray and a bit melted in odd puddles, but Jack still managed to make a nice, solid snowball out of it. Hiccup saw Jack smirk slightly at his victory before shouting, "Where do you think you're going to so fast?"

Hiccup sighed and rolled his eyes, "I said I'm going home!" Hiccup repeated, then added, "My village!" He didn't dare announce the name of his village at a time like this.

Jack strode closer to Hiccup, "We just met, and you're leaving so soon?"

Hiccup scoffed on the inside. Like anyone would want to get involved with someone like himself... "We just met, and you're so intent on following me?!" Hiccup retorted, and just turned around once again. The poor boy never had much social experience, so he felt extremely awkward on confrontation. His first instinct was to react on sarcasm and retaliation since all he ever responded to were put-downs and taunting actions. Almost immediately when Hiccup turned around, he was hit with another ball of snow on his left shoulder. "Hey, will you stop that?" He growled, spinning around to face the other boy again. His teeth were clenched in annoyance behind his tightly closed lips, yet all of his instincts screamed at him not to run back home like he usually did. How odd.

"Why?" Jack chuckled, "It sure seems to get your attention." Hiccup huffed and attempted to walk away again, rolling his eyes as Jack persistently followed. "You look like you're in a real hurry to get back home." Jack commented as he met his pace with Hiccup's.

"And you seem like you should be getting back home. Those three are probably waiting for you." Hiccup shot back as he continued to walk, not looking Jack in the eye.

Jack raised an eyebrow, "So you have been spying." He said, more as a confirmation than a question.

Hiccup shrugged and just kept walking, "Not really, I just happened to stumble across you guys."

"Riiiiiight." Jack grinned, walking along leisurely beside Hiccup.

Hiccup's pace slowed to an awkward halt before continuing, "If you must know the truth, I thought you'd capture me and hold me hostage."

Jack smiled musingly at the serious tone in Hiccup's voice, "Hold you hostage? Wow, if all vikings are like you then you definitely are a strange group of people." Hiccup didn't know whether to be offended or not. He was pretty sure Jack just called him strange, though part of him truly didn't mind. It's nothing less than he's used to hearing.

"I'm not... like the other vikings." Hiccup sighed, and continued to walk along. Jack just skipped along behind Hiccup like he had no cares in the world.

"Well that's for sure." Jack agreed, "I've heard that vikings are big and... intimidating! You, you're like a talking fish bone." The brunet gave a slight shove to Hiccup's shoulder which apparently meant he was joking. Hiccup felt slightly embarrassed that the supposedly friendly action almost made him lose his balance, but Hiccup played it off by pretending he was trying to kick a stray rock.

"Don't you have anything better to do than follow me around?" Hiccup retorted. The only reason he got away from the village was to be alone. Jack was beginning to defeat the purpose of that. Jack's pace began to slow. "Well it's just... You looked lonely. Like you needed someone to talk to." Jack murmured, "You looked... scared? A little lonely?"

Hiccup's eyebrows knitted in annoyance, but he replied with a bit of interest. "You... saw me hiding behind a rock. And that makes me look lonely, why?..." Jack just smiled in a carefree fashion which left Hiccup's heart pounding faster.

"I don't know much about vikings, but I do know they usually have each other's backs." Jack paused for a few awkward seconds before continuing, "So when I find a lone viking, I can usually assume something's up."

Hiccup's mouth was agape ever so slightly, then he spun around brashly and stomped along the path back towards his village, "I'm fine. Just leave me alone please, will you?"

Jack sighed, though a smile never wavered from his lips. "I also know that Hiccup is the name given to runts or mistakes. You're not an outcast, are you?" His tone was inviting, and that tiny of a cheeky attitude was present. Although Jack's tone wasn't meant to be taunting. More like he was strangely troubled by the odd encounter with the viking.

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The next thing Hiccup knew, he was sitting in a clearing with Jack. There were patches of fallen snow around them, and the water from a nearby river could be heard in the distance.

"Well back in Berk... the others they... They've never truly understood me." Jack leaned closer in apprehension as Hiccup continued his story, "The other vikings, the other villagers, and even my own father look down on me like I'm nothing. It may be because I truly am a talking fish bone, but it also has to do with making a mess out of everything. I break... Everything I touch." Hiccup's vision locked with Jack's for a moment before the viking sighed and gazed out into the woods before them. Then he continued, "I've always been... different. And according to the vikings: different is bad. If you're not a large, bloodthirsty dragon slayer then you're not considered a viking. So whenever I can, I usually take walks in the forest to get away from it all. I... try to clear my mind, but end up thinking about it even more." Hiccup paused for a moment and eyed Jack as if to say: Yeah, you're the reason why this time. "And well..." Hiccup continued, "That's just a usual day in the life of me: Wake up, go outside, get shoved around for awhile, run into the woods, return, sleep..."

Jack suddenly became very interested in the ground and tried to sum up a sentence that could compare with Hiccup's story. "Wow I- I never actually guessed you'd been through that much." Jack murmured.

Hiccup just shrugged as if it didn't bother him, "Yeah, you know... You get used to it after awhile."

Jack thought for a moment, then said, "It sounds pretty rough." Jack said distantly, "I can't imagine what that would feel like."

Hiccup didn't reply quickly, but finally murmured, "You know, you're

the first person that I've told any of this to."

Jack's eyebrows raised questioningly. "Really?" He asked, and Hiccup gave him a brief nod.

"Well nobody else has really cared to listen to my feelings," Hiccup murmured, "except my mother but she... She passed long ago."

Jack stayed silent for awhile as if to ponder what Hiccup had just said. Hiccup began to feel a bit insecure when Jack hadn't answered. Maybe he shouldn't have revealed so much about himself to a complete stranger. "Your mother passed away when you were young?" Jack finally echoed, and Hiccup gave a very brief nod. "That must have been heart breaking," Jack murmured sympathetically, "But I- I know how you feel." Hiccup suddenly glanced up at Jack, intrigued. "Well I guess it's not the same but... Many say my father passed away before I was born." Jack's eyes became a bit misty, and a content smile drifted onto his lips as if he were re-living a memory which he was fond of. "My mother says he shone as bright as the moon itself. But she... also says he disappeared mysteriously one night. None really knows what happened to him."

"And your sister?" Hiccup murmured questioningly, inching closer to Jack.

".../Half/ sister..." Jack corrected bluntly as if that was besides the point. "Though... I love her more than anything. I would do anything to protect her." Jack's eyes became a bit dreamy as he stared blankly out into the meadow. "She always has this dream of gliding across the ice on special shoes called skates. That's why for her next birthday... I'm going to make her some."

"Skates?" Hiccup inquired, "I've never heard of any shoe like that before."

Jack chuckled slightly, "Well it would surprise me if you have. Vikings don't have much time for fun, do they?" Jack took the jutting of Hiccup's bottom lip as an answer in itself as the viking glared at him, clearly unamused. "One of the kids in my village created them out of an old pair of shoes and blades which they attached to the bottom. It gives you the ability to glide across the ice, like dancing on air."

Hiccup wasn't sure how to react to such a fairy tail. He had never heard of such a thing. "It sounds... beautiful." Hiccup finally replied, then caught Jack's eye. "I have-" Hiccup started, then caught himself in mid-sentence.

Jack became interested when Hiccup halted suddenly. "You... what?"

Hiccup let out a small sigh and rubbed the back of his head nervously, "Well... I know it sounds ridiculous but... One of my dreams has always been to fly."

"Fly?" Jack repeated with a slight questioning squint.

"Ehm... Yeah. I know, it sounds ridiculous." Hiccup stuttered and felt a slight flush light up his freckled cheeks, "feel free to tease me and-"

"I wouldn't tease you about your dream." Jack murmured, clearly cutting Hiccup off. "I don't know if that's what your viking pals do, but... That's not really my style."

Jack stayed silent, and both of the boys' gazes set upon the sun which was slowly being swallowed by the horizon. When he wasn't looking, Hiccup stole a glance at Jack from the corner of his eye. Jack was crouched oddly on top of the rock again, and a slow smile gently spread onto Hiccup's lips. For the very first time, he felt... home. Even miles from his village, he felt like he would be walking there for nothing. Sure, Jack was strange, but that's exactly what Hiccup was too. Hiccup only realized that he was staring at Jack a bit too long once Jack turned his head and met Hiccup's gaze.

The viking's eyes widened, and his heart sped up momentarily, "It's getting late." Hiccup coughed awkwardly. "I- I'd love to stay, really, but I think I should be getting back." He brought a hand up to scratch the back of his head, and Jack tried for a smile, but faltered a bit.

"Yeah, I'm sure my family won't be pleased either. I was supposed to be back hours ago." Jack stood up, and Hiccup did the same. Hiccup leaned down and brushed the dust off his pants while Jack said quietly, "Hey, Hic?"

The viking's attention turned towards Jack once more, "Yeah?" He asked. He still wasn't exactly used to being called 'Hic' but he decided to shrug it off.

Jack's big statement planned out in his mind completely disintegrated, and he was left with no words. "I'm... sorry about what you've gone through." Hiccup's eyebrows raised slightly in surprise. Hiccup mentally marked this as his first official apology he'd ever received. A slow, crooked smile grew on Hiccup's lips, and Jack responded with a natural smirk. Hiccup wasn't sure how to reply to that, but luckily he was saved by another statement from Jack. "Hey, maybe this isn't goodbye. How about you and I meet again tomorrow?"

Hiccup barely even thought for a brief moment before nodding, "Yeah! Yeah, sounds good."

Jack's smile broadened, and he continued, "How about we meet at the foot of the bridge tomorrow at sunrise?"

Hiccup smiled and nodded warmly. "I'll be there." He concluded.

2. Chapter Two: Ponder

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Hiccup stumbled into his cabin through the back door, blinded by sleep. He figured that if there was truly such a thing as "sleep-walking", this would definitely be the definition of it. After speaking with Jack for so long, Hiccup had returned home exceptionally late. Walking for miles didn't help either. Amidst his walk, Hiccup somehow couldn't shake the strange boy, Jack, from his mind. Hiccup began to wonder if even his father, Stoick, knew about

that village down by the borders of Berk: where the land met the sea. Where did the village come from? Then another thought struck him. What if his father found out about Jack? Surely he wouldn't mind Hiccup speaking with him, right? Jack definitely wasn't a viking, and Stoick liked to make sure Hiccup was surrounded by viking companions in hopes that they would somehow rub off on him.

Small creaks sounded on the floorboards as Hiccup slowly tip-toed along the wall of the same room where his father was working on his wood carvings. It was well past midnight, and Hiccup knew that his father would not be pleased if Hiccup were caught out this late. Stoick sat in front of the fire as usual, perched in his chair and was roughly striking a sharp blade across the wood. Hiccup knew Stoick usually stayed up at night to work on his work carvings, though he would usually be asleep by now. Was it possible that Stoick was... waiting for him? Hiccup could usually make it into the cabin without being spotted, but as soon as he climbed the stairs...

The young viking dropped to his knees and climbed silently up the first two steps until-

"Hiccup."

The small viking winced and his whole body seemed to lock up for a moment out of fear. That definitely wasn't a welcoming tone in his father's voice. "H-Hi... Dad?" Hiccup mumbled, barely audibly.

"Come over to me." Stoick replied gruffly, not even turning around to face him.

Somehow he always knew when Hiccup sneaked into the house. Always. Hiccup bit his lower lip, and tried to hide the fact that his heart rate was speeding up at a much quicker rate than it should be. Still on his knees, Hiccup backed up down the stairs until he reached the bottom. Standing up cautiously, the viking silently moved over to the main room to approach his father. "H-hey... Dad. I- I can explai-"

"Where have you been_?" Stoick huffed, turning his attention over his small son who was rocking back and forth on his feet while staring at the ground.

Hiccup didn't dare make eye contact with the angry chief, and instead just focused his vision on the crackling fire. "I was... out in the forest?" Hiccup mumbled, eyes then shifting nervously over to the matching green eyes of his father.

"I thought I told you to be back before dark!" Stoick growled, "You know the dragons prey on us heavily in the night!"

"I-I know dad, I..." Hiccup huffed while trying to keep his line of sight away from his angry father's. He brought his hands up over his temples as if to express distress as his mind whirled for a reason to give Stoick. "Just got... sidetracked?"

Stoick sighed and rested his chin on the back of his hands as he stared at his son intently. "It worries me when you aren't back when the sea swallows the sun." The chief murmured, finally meeting Hiccup's eyes.

Hiccup blinked slowly before knitting his eyebrows in distress. "If you're so worried about me, then why don't you ever come search for me?" He used wild hand expressions to convey his emotions as he spoke. "You certainly come to the aid of any other viking that needs your help! No need to help your own son, no I'm completely fine!" He bit his lip and tried to swallow away the tight feeling in his throat. Hiccup hated how threatening tears always followed up his minor explosions. Just another reason why he was described as weak.

Stoick was silent for a moment, but the two exchanged silent emotions through eye contact. "I don't send search parties because I trust you to make it back in one piece. You may not very impressive to look at, but I have never doubted your intellect." Stoick's expression was mutual as he eyed his son, and Hiccup could see right through that false statement.

"Yeah, nice try." Hiccup grumbled, trying not to gnaw on his lower lip. "You would abandon me in heartbeat if mother didn't wish otherwise." Hiccup took a few steps backwards, towards the stairs, but still kept his vision level with his father's. "You know I'll never be the viking you want me to be."

With that, Hiccup turned and fled up the stairs.

Hiccup collapsed on his bed, stomach first and buried his face in his pillow. Hiccup's bed was made from disheveled wood and a single yak-hide blanket topped with a wool pillow, but he didn't mind. It wasn't less than the usual treatment he received throughout the day. Hiccup growled in frustration, and lifted his head to look out the window. The moon's rays illuminated his room with a thick, white glow. According to his astrology calendar, the moon wasn't far from being full. It certainly showed.

The young viking took a deep breath and tried to recollect his thoughts. His one (of many) weaknesses was his inability to hold back spurts of anger which usually left problems un-solved. Such as the disagreements he and his father generally shared on a weekly basis. As long as Hiccup did everything his father's way, everything would be fine. It was one of the things which Hiccup resented the most: Chained to this village and his father's rules like a never ending prison. Bearing the weight of the unfair laws of heritage on his shoulders 24/7. Just because he was the son of the chief, and heir to the throne, meant he had to be just like all of the other vikings: large, intimidating, strong. Hiccup was none of those... And he knew it. All vikings had going for them was their ability to hunt and emerge victorious in battle. Vikings didn't need brains. All that really mattered was the strength in which you could swing an axe.

Hiccup longed to be free. He longed for the feeling in which all weight would be lifted off his shoulders and spread his wings as the gentle wind caressed his windswept hair. He longed for someone who would give reality to those dreams. Someone who would shine new light into his dismal everyday life. Though the more Hiccup pondered these feelings, the more doubtful he became. The villagers were right. Hiccup brought destruction along with him everywhere he went. If he broke everything he touched, then why would this situation be any different?

Soft, olive green eyes fluttered open and closed with sleep as the young viking fought to stay awake. The fight with his father was still present in his mind, yet he still couldn't help but shake the face of the strange boy he met down by the border earlier that night. Then another realization struck him: He promised to meet Jack at the bridge when the sun rose the next morning. He couldn't possibly leave his home so quickly after the spat with his father... could he? No, that would be a bad idea. Though... He couldn't just leave Jack alone at the bridge waiting for him. Or would Jack truly be waiting for him? Was it all just another prank Hiccup was falling into? With another growl of frustration, Hiccup buried his face into the rough pillow and tried to clear his mind. He was over thinking things.

Hiccup said he would be there at sunrise, and that's exactly what he was going to do.

End
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